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'Pilgrim's Progress' For The Matabele.

(Florence Jeffery, in the 'Sunday Magazine.')

Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' was first published in 1678 and four years later the first translation into a foreign tongue was made, Joannes Boekholt, a bookseller of Amster-

CHRISTIAN LEAVES THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION.

dam, bringing out a well-printed edition in Dutch, handsomely bound in vellum. There was a copperplate frontispiece showing Christian at the Wicket Gate and eleven other copper engravings, smaller in size and printed in the same pages as the text. This issue seems to have proved a financial success, for in 1685 Boekholt published a still more elaborate edition in Flemish French, with nine copperplate engravings by the famous Dutch engraver, Jan Luiken. The plates became historic and are to be found in the modern Dutch editions of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

The early success of his book on the continent led Bunyan in the introduction to the 1684 English edition to write:—

'In France and Flanders where men kill each other,
My "Pilgrim" is esteemed a Friend and Brother.
In Holland, too, 'tis said, as I'm told,
My "Pilgrim" is with some, worth more than gold.'

Apparently from this there had been a version circulating in France before Boekholt's translation for the Walloons, in 1685, but no copy is known to exist, and it is possible that Bunyan erred by supposing that his allegory was circulating in France in 1684.

The next translation was into Welsh in 1688 and then another French edition was published at Toulouse in 1708. It is interesting to know that a copy of this edition is in the library of The Religious Tract Society with this inscription on the cover: 'This book was picked up by Lord Tyrconnel (who was at the time on a political mission to Russia) on the field of battle, after the Battle of Borodino.' One other French edition must be mentioned, that published in 1772 with the approval of a doctor of the Sorbonne and with the announcement in French, 'This work is orthodox and is animated with the spirit of the Gospel.' As Dr. Brown has said, 'Bunyan's book thus endorsed by a doctor of the Sorbonne with Giant Pope left out and prayers bound up at the end (with continuous pagination) to be said before the Holy Mass, together with anthems to the Holy Virgin would have astonished the Protestant soul of the Bedfordshire tinker, could he have seen it.'

To follow the various transations and editions published in different parts of the world would be interesting, but space forbids. Suffice it to say that 'Pilgrim's Progress' is to be found to-day in no less than ninety-five languages and dialects. Of these Dr. Brown says: 'It is found in Europe in Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, German, Dutch, Danish Icelandic, Norwegian, Swedish, Lithuanian, Finnish, Lettish, Esthonian, Russ, Eskimo, Servian, Bulgarian, Bohemian, Roumanian, Slavonian, Hungarian, and Polish; in French, Breton, Italian, Spanish,

CHRISTIAN AND EVANGELIST.

Julaeo-Spanish, Portuguese and Romanic or Modern Greek. In Asia it may be met with in Hebrew, Arabic, Modern Syriac, Armeno-Turkish, Greco-Turkish, Persian and Armenian. Farther to the south also it is seen in Pashtu or Afghani, and in the great empire of India it is found in various forms. It has been translated into Hindustani or Urdu, Bengali, Uriya or Orissa, Hindi, Sindhi, Punjabi or Sikh, Telugu, Canarese, Tamil, Malayalam, Marathi, Balhodh, Gujarati, Santhali, and in Singhalese. In Indo-Chinese countries there are versions of it in Assamese, Khasi, Burmese and Sgau-Karen. It has been given to the Dyaks of Borneo, to the Malays, to the Malagasy, to the Japanese, to the Coreans, the Hainanese, and to the many-millioned people of China in various dialects, both classical and colloquial. It has found its way into western and central Africa in Efik, Gâ, Kasi-Swahili, Amharic, Othshi, or Ashanti, Otyiherero, Yoruba, and Dualla; and in the southern regions of that great continent, in Kaffir, Sechuana, and Sesusto. Among the Pacific Islands it has been translated into Rarotongan, Tahitian, Maori, Fijian, Hawaiian, and Aneityumese. And finally in our attempt to girdle the earth with the Pilgrim story, passing to the American continent we find it printed recently in a new form among the Mexicans of the south and given to the Cree Indians, and to those also of Dakota in the north.

'In some cases the people have themselves taken active part in the production of the versions referred to. The Kaffir copy in my possession was translated by Tiyo Soga, a native of Kaffirland, who was educated in Scotland, in connection with the Free Church Mission; and so far as the manual work was concerned, it was neatly printed and bound by Kaffir lads in the Lovedale Mission Seminary. The Ashanti version, also printed in 1885, is simply the revision by Mr. Christaller, of the Basio Missionary Society, of a translation made many years ago by two natives of Akropong. It is interesting also to notice that the Chinese version, in the Canton vernacular, sent forth by the Rev. G. Piercy of the Wesleyan Mission, is illustrated by a series of pictures both drawn and engraved by Chinese artists. In these Christian appears in Chinese costume, the House Beautiful as a Chinese pagoda, and all the scenes and incidents in a garb familiar to the people for whom the book is intended.'

The latest translation to be made is into Matabele, and as in the case of Dr. Piercy's Cantonese version, the book has been illustrated, not according to English notions, but in such a way as will appeal to the people for whom the edition is intended. Mr. C. J. Montague, the artist, says, 'the illustrations, of which there are sixteen, make the book the black man's own: for Christian, instead of being, as we have always pictured him,

THE LIONS AT THE GATE.

a knight in plate-armor of the Middle Ages, is simply a poor man of the Bantu race, wearing a loin cloth, reefer jacket, and a shirt worn over it. When the point in the story is reached at which he is armed, it is with South African weapons that he is equipped. So throughout the allegory, so far as an untravelled artist could work into the hands of

the translators, an effort has been made to give Bunyan's dream a South African dress.'

And the artist has certainly succeeded, as readers will be able to appreciate by looking at the reduced facsimiles of his pictures which we have been able to reproduce by the courtesy of the London Missionary Society, who are doing a splendid work in South Africa, and under whose auspices this volume has been issued. The following detailed descriptions of his work by the artist will no doubt prove interesting: 'Christian starts from a kraal, where the careless of his race are typified by a group around a cooking-pot eating skoff. The mud-hole of the veldt is the Slough of Despond. Evangelist, of course, is a sturdy missionary in traveller's outfit, instead of the Seventeenth century divine that two centuries of illustrators have made us familiar with. To represent Christian in the plate-

DEMAS TEMPTING THE PILGRIMS.

armor of the Middle Ages in Europe would be absurd. Throughout the story he wears a shirt over a jacket.

'The strenuous career of the overcomer will no doubt be appreciated by the men of the great fighting race for whom the book has been prepared. Christian has a "knobkerry" when he meets the lions, and is more fully equipped when meeting Apollyon after his visit to the House Beautiful. Before this, however, and subsequent to the loss of his burden, he has climbed the kopje of Difficulty.

'Apollyon as a creature with a wolf's head, owl's eyes, and a crocodile's scales and tail takes us by surprise. We are bound, however, to admit that our conception of a fiend in material shape is quite pagan. The classical satyr is the basis, with added features from the grotesque monsters and malignant deities of the Far East. The artists of nineteen centuries have built up from various sources the conventional demon. We trace it to the God Pan, improved upon with touches from the Chinese thunder-God and the hideous masks of Japanese devil dancers.

'Vanity Fair becomes in this book a war-dance festival, a time largely given over to the consumption of beef and beer.

'In handling the photographs,' continues the writer, 'of inartistic groups of converts set and formal, like those that have appeared for half a century in missionary publications, a remorseful twinge sometimes (too seldom, alas!) is felt by the seeker for something new and strange. Pictures are needed wherewith to catch the tried eye of the home-stayer, with a conscience susceptible to pressure, and so the full meaning of these groups is not always realized.' In the same way, argues the artist, something is needed which shall arrest the native and secure his interest.

'Giant Despair is not of the kind that the hero of the beanstalk destroyed, for there is no reason why the ideas that we have inherited from our Norse ancestors should be foisted upon another race thousands of miles away.

'For a similar reason, the hobgoblins Christian sees at the crossing of the river are not the creations of Albert Durer and other mediaeval designers who loved the grotesque. They are rather the witch-forms of the native's early superstitions—wolves, owls, snakes, crocodiles, and hippopotami.

'In the picture of the Hill Difficulty, Mistrust wears charms around his neck to counteract the baleful influences of witches, night animals mostly, who are supposed to be in league with the resentful dead.

'Demas tempts Christian and Hopeful into a mine that South African black men are familiar with.

'Our English Christian in the Land of Beulah plucks apples gracefully in the equipment of a knight of the titl-yard. Such a presentment would mean little to a Matabele; but he does understand newly-plucked, fresh-roasted mealies.

'The last picture was perhaps more a subject for mental debate than any of the others. Should the angels be black? The artist tried them and had no pleasure in them, and so fell back upon the conventional winged beings associated in our minds with the word angel. It is a drawback that black and white are contrasted here to the disadvantage of the black. On the other hand, one has to remember that European Bible pictures will soon be reaching the Matabele, and the artist refrained from a conflict of testimony. A visit to a picture gallery as a child nearly made him a juvenile atheist because so many different versions of the Holy Family could not all be right. . . .

'On the whole,' concludes the artist, 'new thoughts in religion have been expressed in the book with a minimum of compromise, and South Africa will not be able to say in years to come, what Europe must say of the missionaries of the Fourth century, that in giving her the Gospel they allowed a vast amount of existing pagan nonsense to be mixed with it.'

A Barnardo Cripple Story.

'Oh, yes, I have had many cripples in my Homes,' said Dr. Barnardo to a journalist recently, 'but there is one I never forget; one of those cases I told you of just now, for whom I always offer up special prayer.

'Notice was sent to me by one of the clergy in Spitalfields that a cripple child was regularly brought in a basket by a woman, who turned up every four or five months at one of the common lodging-houses, and then went off into the country. I kept a watch for the woman, and at last discovered her. She wanted me to buy the child. I need hardly say I refused, and threatened to give her into custody. This frightened her, and I gained possession of the poor little cripple. We brought the baby into this room, and had a fire lighted. The matron tried to get the baby out of the basket, but its screams were so dreadful we could not manage it. I never felt so troubled in my life. We managed to make it comfortable for the night—alas! it had to lie in the basket, for, doctor though I am, I could not move it.'

That night Dr. Barnardo went home, the little one preying upon his mind. Then he suddenly remembered that a lady of means, who had helped his Homes very considerably, had once written to him saying, 'If ever you have a cripple child that you cannot get anybody to take care of, I should like to have it.' Her own little daughter had been a cripple from her birth, but had died. This kind-hearted woman wanted some child to take the place of her loved one. No matter of what birth, no matter how poor, it must be a little cripple. In the morning Dr. Barnardo wrote to her. She did not stay to write; she telegraphed, 'I am coming up.'

What the matron and the nurses could not do, that woman did. She looked at the little one lying in the basket, and the glance was returned with smiles. Some one had arrived at last who seemed to understand a cripple. It was a mother; one who once had a cripple daughter of her own. She knew just how that small body should be touched; how it should be lifted. She placed her hand on its wasted form—a smile! It stretched out its hands to her, and she gently raised and clasped it to her breast.

As Dr. Barnardo told me this story he rose from his seat, and said with quivering voice, 'What do you think of that woman? Is not that a beautiful religion? I had to part with the little one, for she said, "I must have it; it has not been given to me by you; it has been sent to me by God. It is an answer to prayer."'—English Paper.

To-day's Burden

To every one of us there must come some time when the whole tenor of our lives is changed. We stand upon some eminence, and look back and see the familiar faces and the familiar places, remembering all the careless joy that belonged to those days that are past; and then we say, All this is ended for us. Whatever the future brings, it cannot recall what is past. Our friends of long ago have passed away; the old thoughts that filled our minds can never satisfy us again. Then we look forward, and see stretching before us a new kind of life, dreary it may be, lonely and unfamiliar. Along this road we must henceforth walk; and the very dignity of the soul demands that every such crisis should be met, that we should realize it, that we should try to take the measure of it, and ask ourselves what we must be, what we must do, under these new circumstances. But it does not follow that we should carry always with us this consciousness until it burdens us and until we lose the joy of life, because we have to learn another lesson. We go into an unknown land, but in this land we must make our home; here must be new fellowships, new experiences; there must be much talk by the way with those whom we meet, kindly greetings exchanged. These days are not to be overshadowed by only one great thought; they are days to be filled little by little. In the new interests we must live. And so after we have taken the measure of these days that are to come, that other word comes to us: 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' It may be a great burden which we have to bear, but we do not have to bear it all at once.—S. M. Crothers, D.D.

In one school at Leipsic, Germany, forty-two boys were examined. Their ages averaged seven years. Fourteen confessed to having been drunk, twenty-four to habitually tasting brandy, and seventeen to daily drinking.

BOYS AND GIRLS

When Gladys Sang.

(Susan Hubbard Martin, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

Gladys was singing the baby to sleep in the dining-room. It was cool in there, for green and shading vines climbed over each of the windows. The baby's round little head lay softly pillowed on the firm young arm; one fat little hand rested lovingly on Gladys's wrist.

'Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
When at evening the sun goeth down?'

sang Gladys clearly and musically.

'When I wake with the blest in the mansions of rest
Will there be any stars in my crown?'

The minister came suddenly into the sitting-room. His face was troubled. His wife sat in her low rocker, darning stockings.

'The choir has deserted me, Mary,' he began. The minister's wife raised her eyes.

'Everyone?' she questioned surprisedly.

'Yes, all four of them,' answered the minister. 'Such a quartette as it was, too! Why, it could scarcely be equalled in any of the city churches. But Florence Brand has quarrelled with the organist. The tenor and bass side with her, and Mrs. Melton declares she will not play until Florence apologizes. You know how likely she is to do that. And so the result of it all is, that no one will sing, and to-morrow is Sunday, too. I had counted so on that anthem. It's too late to get anyone now, and even if we did, we could not pay them; finances are low.'

The minister's wife sighed. She knew all about that.

'I wish I could help you,' she said wistfully, 'but I'm not strong enough to sing any more.'

'Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?'

warbled Gladys in the next room.

The pale, sweet face of the minister's little wife brightened.

'Why not ask Gladys?' she asked thoughtfully. 'You couldn't find a sweeter voice anywhere.'

The minister started.

'That child?' he answered.

'Yes, why not?' replied his wife. The pure, sweet tones again came floating softly in. The baby was almost asleep. The minister listened a moment.

'She does sing beautifully, doesn't she?' he said, turning to his wife, the gloom lifting from her face. 'My sweet little daughter!'

He opened the door softly.

'Come here, Gladys,' he said.

'Just as soon as I put the baby down, papa,' was the cheerful answer.

She came in a moment later, a slight, brown eyed little girl of fourteen with a sweet mouth and long braids of chestnut hair.

'The choir has walked out, Gladys,' explained the minister, drawing her to him. 'There won't be a single voice to help me through the service to-morrow, unless you lend me yours. We were just listening to you singing, mamma and I, and we thought that, perhaps, you would be willing to come to my rescue. Will you?'

'If I can,' replied Gladys bravely. 'What is it you want me to do, papa?'

'I want you to sit up by me in the choir to-morrow morning, and sing just as you did to the baby a few minutes ago,

'Will there be any stars in my crown?'

I love that hymn.'

Gladys looked into the dear, fatherly face, just now so worn and anxious.

'I will do my best for you, papa,' she answered soberly.

When the congregation filed into the little church that Sunday morning the choir was absent. The organ was closed. Only one little girl in a white dress and shady hat sat beside it. Whispers of the trouble had reached most of the members' ears, and they took their seats gravely, without the usual cheery greeting. The atmosphere was charged. The choir was the delight of the little church.

'What a pity, it seemed, that Florence Brand, the soprano, would quarrel with Mrs. Melton, the organist.'

'They ought to have more grace,' whispered old Mrs. Dodd to young Mrs. Ellwood, who sat near her. 'But that Florence Brand, for all her sweet voice, has the awfullest temper. I don't know what she did say to Mrs. Melton, but Mrs. Melton says she won't play again until Florence apologizes.'

'Too bad,' answered Mrs. Ellwood, regretfully. The service began.

At the close of the first prayer two ladies entered the church door simultaneously. One was tall with black flashing eyes and a slender, stately figure. The other was short and plump with soft blue eyes and flushed cheeks. They did not look at each other. Each took a seat in a different part of the church.

'If there ain't Florence Brand now, and Mrs. Melton, too,' said Mrs. Dodd in a hoarse whisper to her neighbor. 'Wouldn't you think they'd feel cheap, leaving the minister to get along the best way he can? Poor man!'

But all unknown to the congregation the minister had near him a little helper. At a slight signal from her father, Gladys arose. Most of the members had not noticed her. As she stood there, a sweet, delicate little figure in her white dress, a start of surprise vibrated over the church. But Gladys was quite unconscious of it all. She was going to help father with the service, poor, tired, worried father, who had such a load of responsibility to carry. So she began.

The sweet voice was a little unsteady at first, but, gathering strength as it went on, soared and lifted until it seemed to the astonished faces regarding her that an unseen host had caught the notes and gave them back again, fuller, richer, freer.

'I am thinking to-day of that beautiful land
I shall reach when the sun goeth down.
When through wonderful grace of my Saviour
I'll stand,
Will there be any stars in my crown?'

Clearly, sweetly, tunefully, the young voice floated over the church. In the pulpit the minister sat with bowed head.

'In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray,
Let me watch as a winner of souls,
That bright stars may be mine in that glorious day
When His praise like the sea billow rolls.'

In one of the pews below Florence Brand sat motionless. Under the spell of the sweet, pure, childish voice, her anger had melted, and lo, love and sorrow came creeping in. Bright tears were forcing themselves beneath her closed lids, her lips were quivering. 'Stars in my crown?' she whispered. 'Stars in my crown? why, in all this world my heart is the most rebellious.'

Gladys finished her song and sat down.

Refreshed and strengthened, the minister began his sermon. At its close Florence Brand made her way impetuously to where the organist was standing.

'When through wonderful grace of my Saviour I'll stand,' she said brokenly. 'Will you forgive me, Celia?'

Celia Melton gave a start of great happiness.

'You are forgiven already, Florence,' she answered.

How a Parrot Talked Bass.

The 'Epworth Herald' gives the following instance of the ingenuity of a parrot in mimicking its master's bass voice:—

The parrot, it seems, began, as soon as it was bought, to learn to mimic the voices of the household of my friend. It mimicked the contralto voice of the mistress, the treble voice of the young son, the soprano voice of the daughter, and the Irish voice of the cook; but the heavy and deep bass voice of the master it was quite unable to cope with. It would practice for hours at a time, but it could not produce from its throat the deep, hoarse sounds that it desired.

Therefore, the family was astonished one day to hear the parrot mimicking the master's voice exactly. They sat in the dining room. The bird was in the hall in its cage. Distinct and loud the sounds came from the hall to them, a thunderous and rolling bass voice, saying:—

'Bring me the evening paper.'

Some one went out and looked at the parrot. Its head was hidden in its seed cup, and it was making its voice resonant by speaking from within the seed cup's hollow. And always, now, when it wants to speak in a bass voice it puts its head in its seed cup. Isn't that proof of the almost human intelligence of the bird?

For Stamp Collectors.

Like most common things, a postage stamp has some lessons to teach us. In fact this little oblong of tinted gummed paper is a very pointed preacher. There are three heads to the sermon.

The first is, 'Be what you profess to be.' The stamp is always worth its face value. We ought to be as good as our word; as honorable in act as we are fair in speech.

'Stick till you get there,' is the second head of the sermon. Put a stamp on a properly addressed letter and you can count on its reaching its destination. It ought to be possible to depend on our finishing the work we have undertaken.

Lastly, as the preachers say, 'Bear the image of the King.' The features of the reigning sovereign are seen on the stamp. Every one about us ought to recognize in us the likeness of our heavenly King.—Exchange.

A True Story.

My early life was spent with my mother's eldest brother, the late John Kerr, of St. John, N.B. Among his many personal friends was a judge of the Supreme Court, honored for his noble principles of truth and integrity, yet feared for his stern uncompromising decision against any offender of law or of the rights of society.

But I am now going to speak especially of matters concerning the welfare of his only son, a bright, handsome, intelligent boy, the idol of his mother and the pride of his father as also the heir prospective of all his

possessions. He only had one other child, a daughter.

In early childhood, when the little boy was brought from the nursery for dessert, as was the custom, the father gave him a glass of sweetened wine and water as a token of parental love. While under the training of a private tutor, this became an every day treat for his rapid progress and diligent attention to his studies.

The mother remonstrated, saying: 'I fear you are sowing the seeds for future reaping in giving Frank wine. But the judge ridiculed her fears, saying: 'This was my father's method with me. Have I been injured by it.' Still she reasoned, 'You and Frank are very different, his nervous temperament, impulsive, emotional nature, makes him especially susceptible of impressions.'

Frank went from high school to college, standing first in every class and bringing to his proud father a prize each successive yearly holiday. It was at a reunion on his first year's home-coming, that I met him. He was frank in manner as well as name, was admired and loved by all who knew him, but especially by Fred Williams. They had gone through school and college chums and room mates; they were the very opposite in every way; Fred calm, thoughtful, slow to think or act, but firm in his resolves, and this difference by nature served to bind Fred and Frank in an unbroken friendship through life. After their collegiate course, where Frank came all through with highest honors at graduating, they both entered upon a legal course, Frank finishing a year ahead as attorney. In gaining his first important criminal case and saving his client from the penitentiary, he won the applause of the whole city. The judge gave a dinner to the legal fraternity in honor of the event. Frank was the hero of the evening. Toasts were the order of the night, and Frank's aching head and confused brain told the story of his first night's revelry. Would to God it had been his last. This was overlooked by the judge and friends, 'Excitement' they said.

Time moved on, I lost sight of my friend, he had been as a brother to me. One evening while visiting in the suburbs I took an unlighted cross street to visit the Williams home which was near, my foot struck something. Putting down my hand I touched a man's head. The body was in the gutter. I ran into a shop near by for assistance. When the apparently lifeless body was brought in I saw my friend Frank, wounded, bleeding, insensible. The shopman kindly sent a boy with me and soon the wounded man was in Fred's home and Dr. Bayard in attendance. For days he was a raving lunatic. As soon as Fred dare leave him to the care of mother and sister he hastened to tell his parents of his safety and from the judge, learn that the intoxicated son had been driven from his father's home that dark night, and in his efforts to reach the friend that he could trust for shelter and sympathy had fallen wounded and bruised. Fred turned from the father in disgust, but met his mother in the hall, who with clasped hands and streaming eyes pleaded 'Take me to my dear boy.' Her presence did more to restore him to life and manhood than all else.

A few days after a letter came from his mother's brother, of Woodstock, offering Frank a lucrative position, vacated by the sudden death of an eminent attorney. Before going, the prodigal confessed all to his loving mother. He had been with the officers at the barracks drinking and gambling until penniless.

Frank went away and in two years more than gained his former position as one of the ablest pleaders and most successful attorneys in the province. Only once had he visited his native home, called there by the illness of his beloved mother, by whom he sat, and whose hand he held, till with the last expiring breath she blest her son. After she was laid to rest he returned home and continued to win laurels until the offer of judge was made him.

At this time the marriage of his only sister called him home. The groom was a British officer, a colonel, and their wedding tour was to England. The judge gave a grand reception to both military and citizen elite. Brandy, wine and champagne were abundant, but Frank's three years of total abstinence brought him through victorious. Crowds gathered on the wharf for the last 'Bon voyage,' as the steamer bore his sister from view.

Some weeks after I found Fred alone in the library, his face buried in his hands.

'What's the matter, are you ill?'

'No, but Frank is ruined, been drinking and gambling.'

'Frank! I thought he was in Woodstock?'

'No, he was invited by the officers to a big dinner party in compliment to him and family. He stood firm till toasts to the bride and groom were proposed. Then he drank and drank, deeper and deeper. Played and lost till all his funds were gone, drew from the bank in the judge's name, expecting to cash the paper before due. He had roused himself once more, broken the shackles that bound him, and was a man again intending to return and resume his former practice, but days of severe illness followed.

By some means his father learned of the draft, wrote the bank official that he would not allow that paper cashed without his written order. 'We have all tried to persuade him to withdraw his order, but the judge says Frank shall be tried in the coming courts as any other criminal. Even Uncle Kerr went to him, they had been friends for years.

'What did he say?' I asked.

'He said, "I will teach him a lesson."'

'Did you tell him it was not a common case, for Frank intended sending the money as soon as he reached Woodstock, but he was taken ill?'

'Yes. There is no hope.'

Three days after this I received a letter from Fred saying Frank was gone. 'Yesterday morning a servant brought me a note:

"My more than brother, before this reaches you I will be in the Great Beyond. Lay me beside my sainted mother. In spirit she has been with me, said my prayer was answered, and I was forgiven. Farewell. Frank."'

I hastened to his room, others were there before me. Dr. Bayard was looking down on Frank's white face.

'What is it, Doctor?' I asked.

'Heart failure and a father's—' he turned away.

As I looked upon that peaceful face with no mark of pain, his hands folded on his breast, I felt that the note to Fred had been a premonition.—E. N. Donking, in the 'Liberator.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Such is Breath.

'Breath is made of air,' begins a twelve-year-old schoolboy's composition on the subject. 'We breathe always with our lungs, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we are asleep. If it wasn't for our breath we should die whenever we slept.

'Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe; they should wait till they get out doors. For a lot of boys staying in a room make carbonicide. And carbonicide is more poisonous than mad dogs, though not just the same way. It does not bite, but that's no matter as long as it kills you.'—'Temperance Leader.'

Beautiful Impression.

Many of us would, no doubt, be surprised could we know the impression we make upon those who know us slightly. May we endeavor to be remembered as pleasantly as was the lady described in 'Leaves of Light.'

She called at the house of a neighbor on an errand; but, as the family were away, she asked the hired man to tell his employer that she would call again. Being in a hurry, and not thinking but that the man knew who she was, she did not leave her name. The lady of the house returned before the rest of the family, and the man told her that a lady had been there who said she would call again.

'Who was it?' inquired Mrs. H.

'Oh, I don't know her name,' replied the man.

'But you should have asked her,' said Mrs. H., 'so we would know who had been here. Can't you tell me anything by which I can know who came? Where does she live?'

'I don't know,' said the man, 'but she's the one that always smiles when she speaks.'

The pleasant look and the courteous manner in which the lady had spoken to the servant had been noticed and remembered, leaving a sunbeam in that man's heart.—'Dominion 'Presbyterian.'

Leslie's Triumph.

(Mrs. S. V. Chambers, in the 'Canadian Baptist.')

'I wonder who has been in the dining-room?' said Mrs. Wainscott. 'More than half of the bread, cake and cold fowl has been taken out of the sideboard since dinner.'

'I did it,' said Leslie. 'I gave it to some children in the park. They looked like they never had anything good to eat, and we can do without it, can't we?'

'It was kind of you to give the hungry children something to eat, but don't you think it would have been better to have consulted your mother before doing this?' said Mrs. Wainscott.

'Yes, mother, I suppose it would, but they looked so hungry I thought I would give it to them while they were out there, and you know you have always told me to be kind to the poor children.'

Leslie was not a disobedient boy, but he possessed a strong will and a tendency to self-assertion, and when he felt convinced in his own mind that a thing was right, he seldom stopped to consult anyone before carrying out his convictions. But, fortunately, this tendency was largely controlled by good impulses.

On one occasion, while travelling with his grandmother, when their place of destination was called out, he hurriedly left her, descended the steps of the car, and said to the conductor, 'Please don't start the car until

grandmother gets off; she is so fat she can't walk fast.'

One morning his mother heard a commotion among some chickens she had in a coop in the yard, and upon hastening out she discovered that Leslie was poking a stick through the bars of the coop and striking the chickens.

'Why are you disturbing the chickens so, Leslie?' asked his mother.

'There's one little chicken that the rest won't let have any, but keep fighting it off, and I am keeping them away while it gets a chance to eat some.'

He often evinced unusual thought and discernment for one of his age.

On one occasion he was attending a 'Show' with his father, where a deformed boy was exhibited, purported to be from one of the East India Islands, of a phenomenal appearance, and in manner and action resembling the ape. The creature's master frequently touched him up with a whip to quicken his movements. Leslie did not seem at all amused with the tricks as did the other boys present, but once, when the man became harsh in his treatment, the child turned to his father with an expression of mingled pity and disfavor, and said:

'Father, has that little fellow a soul?'

But on one occasion while following the generous impulses of his nature, without consulting the opinion of his rightful advisers, Leslie encountered a rather dangerous episode.

He had been playing one afternoon with a little school-mate who lived in a remote part of the city. They became so engrossed with their games that neither of them was aware that it was growing late. Suddenly his playmate exclaimed:

'Oh, I must go home before dark, or I'll be afraid to go by myself.'

'I can go with you,' said Leslie.

'Thank you,' replied the boy, 'but won't you be afraid to come back alone?'

'No,' said Leslie, in such a confident tone that his courage was no longer questioned.

When they arrived at the home of his friend, they found his mother anxiously awaiting his return. Leslie did not tarry long, but hurried toward his home.

As he was walking briskly along he encountered two boys, who were excitedly discussing the result of a game of marbles. It seemed that each had staked his biggest agate on the game. The younger won, but when he attempted to take possession of the prize the larger boy thrust him away and snatched the agate, saying:

'You didn't win it fairly, anyway.'

Just then Leslie stepped between them, exclaiming: 'I wouldn't strike a boy smaller than I was; you ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

The boy replied: 'It's not your put-in, keep out of the way!' accompanying his remark with a blow on Leslie's face felling him to the ground. The boys seeing that he was, perhaps, badly hurt, ran hastily away.

Leslie, who had been stunned by the force of the blow, arose in a few moments and started for home. In his pain and confusion he lost his way and, ere long, found himself in an unfamiliar part of the city. He was standing in front of a small house, endeavoring to ascertain his whereabouts, when a boy, apparently about fourteen years of age, came from the rear of the house leading a pony.

Seeing Leslie in apparent discomfort, he spoke to him, and learned the circumstances which had brought him there. Leslie's genteel appearance and candid recital of the facts favorably impressed the boy, and he told him he was in a hurry, as he was a night Courier Dispatch, and delivered messages on his pony, but that if Leslie would get up behind him he would take him home. This kind proffer Leslie readily accepted, as he was somewhat disabled from his recent encounter and felt that his parents would be anxious about him.

When he arrived home his parents were suffering great anxiety and alarm, and were about to institute a search for the lost boy. The messenger boy did not stop to explain the circumstances of his return, but hurried on to his work, and Leslie's parents could only gather the details of his adventure from their little son, who had failed to learn his benefactor's name, and could not even tell where he lived. The lad had been in so much pain at the time of meeting the older boy, and during the subsequent ride, that he could give them no definite information as to the location.

Mr. Wainscott was desirous of learning something more definite about the boy, who had shown such kindness to his son, that he might have an opportunity of manifesting his grateful remembrance of him.

Leslie was confined to his room for several weeks. His parents administered a gentle but firm rebuke to him, explaining how hazardous it was for him to rely upon his immature judgment, aside from its savoring of disobedience. Leslie listened submissively and promised to try to never again disregard the advice and admonitions of his parents.

His strong will-power, though diverted somewhat from its accustomed channel, served him in keeping his firm resolution. His ardent desire to do what he thought was right was not lessened, but only tempered and guided by the advice and encouragement of his parents, which secured him many friends, among whom was Johnny Storks, which was the name of his benefactor.

'Soon after Leslie was able to go on the street again, he accidentally met Johnny.

'I am so glad to see you,' he said. 'Now tell me your name and where you live. Father wants to know, so he can thank you for bringing me home.'

'Tell your father he is welcome to all I did for you. I hope you have gotten well again.'

'Yes,' replied Leslie, 'and I have promised father and mother that I will tell them where I am going after this, so they won't be so uneasy about me. I used to forget it nearly every time, but they said it was not right, and I will try not do to so again.'

Leslie's father lost no time in calling at Mrs. Stork's home. He met Johnny at the door, who introduced him to his mother who was suffering from an attack of nervous headache, through endeavoring to finish a promised garment.

The room into which Mr. Wainscott was ushered was plainly and meagrely furnished, but bore an air of neatness and cleanliness. He soon discovered from Mrs. Storks' manner and conversation that it would be impossible to proffer her any money compensation for her son's kindness to Leslie. He learned that her husband had lost his life in a steam factory where he was employed, and that she was principally depending upon the efforts of her son for support, and that she was greatly inconvenienced by its being necessary for him to be absent from home the greater portion of the night.

Mr. Wainscott thanked Mrs. Storks for the favor shown Leslie by her son, and expressed much pleasure in making their acquaintance. He learned from investigation that Johnny had proved a faithful worker as night-dispatch courier, and soon gave him a more profitable and pleasant position to deliver bundles from his large clothing store during the afternoon and early evening, thus allowing him to attend school in the forenoon. He also allowed Mrs. Storks to occupy rooms above the store, and gave her plain sewing from the store. She was very grateful for the privilege of being near her son.

Johnny proved faithful to his employer, and in time was promoted to a lucrative and responsible position in the firm.

Leslie would often accompany Johnny on his delivery errands, and never forgot the pony ride which he had after his youthful attempt to 'throw pearls to swine.'

Leslie was constitutionally quite a delicate boy, and just three years after his meeting with Johnny he was stricken with pneumonia. He lingered several weeks, during which time no one save the nurse and his parents were admitted to his room, except Johnny Storks, as his presence seemed to quiet the patient. Leslie bore his suffering with great patience and fortitude, but finally succumbed to ravages of the disease.

Johnny was chosen one of the pall-bearers, and on the bier was placed a cluster of white lilies with a card bearing the simple inscription, 'Love's token.'

It was Johnny's offering.

Tear It Off.

It May Not Appear Again.

The page offer of prizes and profits is so placed that it can be torn off and used in canvassing for subscriptions if so desired. Even children can with it make a good canvass, as they can let it tell its own story. Young men or women wishing to pursue their studies will enter the competition eagerly and do well at it.

Energetic Chinese Girls.

The girls in a boarding-school at Yenping subscribed $25 toward the church. They earned the money by raising silkworms. They worked very hard for a month, caring for the worms. They found it difficult to get enough mulberry leaves for so many worms. There was one tree in the yard, and the girls themselves climbed that and stripped off every leaf. One night it rained and the market men refused all their pleas to climb the tree and get them leaves. The girls said: 'Our worms

must not die; we will climb the tree and get the leaves ourselves.' Finally one who could climb best of all took off her shoes and stockings, put on some old clothes, and climbed the tree, the teacher holding a torch so she could see. After the worms began to spin silk, they had to be watched all the time, twelve girls sitting up with them at night, four girls sitting up three hours. They made over sixty mats, which their grown-up friends embroidered for them. These they will send to America and sell for finger-bowls mats.—The 'North-Western Christian Advocate.'

Boy Wanted.

'Oh, mother!'

'Yes, dear. I'll be there in just a minute—soon's I take the pies from the oven.'

'I thought you were upstairs; didn't know you were in here,' and Merle opened the kitchen door, whence issued odors of spicy pumpkin pies—crisp and brown, just the kind to make a fellow's mouth water. 'My! they smell good; not the leatest whiff ought to escape,' and Merle drew in long breaths of the delicious odor.

'Well, dear? another button, or is it a rip?' and Mrs. Kellogg closed once more the oven door.

''Tisn't a needle and thread all the time, mother, though no wonder you think so. See there,' and Merle pointed to an item in the 'want' column of the morning paper—'Boy Wanted.'

Mrs. Kellogg took the paper to the light.

'Must be energetic, honest and take an interest in the business generally,' she read, slowly.

'Do you suppose I could?' and Merle looked long and earnestly at the 'want' item. 'I'd work—ever so hard.'

'I shouldn't hesitate to recommend the boy that does my chores; I know he is energetic and honest.'

She rested her hand lovingly on her son's shoulder.

'It's just what I want. And the pay—it says three dollars a week,' turning to the paper, 'for just nights and mornings. Think what that means—twelve dollars a month! 'Twould pay all the rent and two dollars for extras.'

'If it wouldn't be too hard,' said Mrs. Kellogg anxiously. 'You know I don't want your studies at school to be hurt, and you must not undertake too much, dear.'

'I could do that; I know I could. And it would take such a burden off your poor old shoulders.'

Promptly at one o'clock Merle was ushered into the general office of Skillings, King & Co. In easy chairs around the room sat several waiting candidates, for there were, as Merle had prophesied, 'lots of boys and only one place.'

At five minutes after one, two of the boys were summoned to the company's private office. It seemed but a minute before they returned crestfallen and disappointed.

'Get it?' 'Twas one of the fellows who knew them.

'No; and he didn't ask us enough to find out whether he wanted us or not. Don't believe he needs a boy,' and each took up his hat and left the room.

'You may come now,' and the clerk nodded to the fellow in the corner. He was gone hardly longer than the others.

'It's all a bluff,' looking at Merle as he spoke. 'I wouldn't humor the old guy enough to go in if I were you!'

One after another, almost as soon as the boys were summoned into Mr. Skillings' presence, they reappeared in the general office.

Merle was the last one left.

'There's no need of my seeing him,' he was thinking. 'If they aren't able to please I'—

'This way, sir.'

Merle dropped his cap in the chair.

'To the left, please.'

Before the door of the private office he stopped. Lying in the way was an overturned desk stool. Instead of stepping over it, Merle carefully picked it up and set it up out of the way.

'Your name, sir?' 'Twas the head of the firm, a man whose name was synonymous with integrity and success everywhere among the great business houses in the bustling New England city.

'Merle Kellogg.'

'Age?'

'Sixteen, sir.'

'Had any experience?'

'Only at home, sir; mother says she will recommend me.'

There was a touch of pride in his voice, as he spoke his mother's name, which the keen business man didn't fail to comprehend.

'You may report to-morrow at seven o'clock for an hour and a half. Mr. Thomas will give you instructions regarding your work. Good day!'

Merle started toward the door.

'One minute!' Mr. Skillings called, 'How happened you to pick up that stool?'

'The what, sir?' For the minute Merle had forgotten the incident.

'The stool you found lying before the door of the office.' There was a quizzical expression on his new employer's face.

'Why, because it didn't belong there,' I guess,' replied Merle wonderingly.

'That's all.'

* * * * * * * *

'From the time it took, he didn't ask me any more questions than he did the rest, and I don't see why I happened to be the lucky one!' It was evening, and Merle was relating the experience of the afternoon. 'Unless it was your recommendation I referred to.'

'I hardly think it was that,' replied Mrs. Kellogg, quietly. ''Wasn't it the stool Didn't the other fellows step over it? I think that was the test. Wasn't your moving the stool taking an interest in the business generally, that the advertisement demanded?'

'I—I—perhaps it was,' returned Merle, honestly, 'but I hadn't thought of it; I'd have done that, anyway.'—'Canadian Churchman.'

A Horse Which Thought.

Instances of great intelligence in horses are almost as numerous as the horses themselves, but there are few which make prettier stories than this, related in 'La Nature' by a Parisian.

At Vincennes, in my childhood, he writes, my father had two spirited horses of fine blood. One day while one of them, Prunelle, was passing between two walls with my little sister on her back the child slipped and rolled between the horse's feet.

Prunelle stopped instantly and held one hind foot in air. She seemed to fear to lower that foot lest she should step on the child. There was no room for the horse to turn nor for a man to pass in.

In that uncomfortable position, with lifted foot, however, the horse stood patiently, while an attendant crawled between her forefeet and rescued the child.—'Youth's Companion.'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

A Golden Envelope.

Some time since a poor servant girl in London who had attended the ragged schools and received spiritual as well as mental benefit from them, one evening at the close of school put into the minister's hand, much to his surprise a note containing a half sovereign (ten shillings, English currency).

Her entire wages were only eight pounds a year. She offered this as a thanksgiving tribute to God for the blessings she had received from the schools, very modestly and beautifully remarking that it was 'not much.' 'But, sir,' said she, 'I have wrapped it up with an earnest prayer and many tears.'

Here is, indeed, a most rare and beautiful envelope. Would that our offerings as we lay them before God's altar were more generally inclosed in such golden envelopes. 'An earnest prayer and many tears.' Sweet child! Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.—'Western Recorder.'

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Oct. 15, of 'World Wide'.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Lord Rosebery on Colonial Preferences—How Canadian Opinion is Misled—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Scant Supply—Sonnet, by John White Chadwick, in the Springfield 'Republican.'
The International Peace Congress—The Secretary of State Premises Administration Support of Arbitration—American Papers.
A Long War—The End of the Russo-Japanese War Not Yet in Sight—The New York 'Times.'
General Kuropatkin—The Stolidity of the Russian Soldier—The 'Spectator,' London.
With Kuroki at the Front—Attack on Yu shu ling—By the Special Correspondent of the London 'Standard' with the First Japanese Army.
The Archbishop of Canterbury Addresses the House of Deputies—His Message to the Protestant Episcopal Church in America—American Papers.
The Scottish Church Dispute—The Manchester 'Guardian,' Liberal; the 'Standard,' Conservative.
The Bread Line—Mr. Fleischmann's Life and Practical Charity—The New York 'Times.'
A Hard Winter—General Booth's Views—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Canada as a Field for Emigration—The London 'Times.'
Why Domestic Service is a Problem—Extracts from 'The Humble Opinion of Barbara—The Commuter's Wife,' in the 'Outlook,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Bartholdi, the Sculptor, Dead—Designer of the Statue of Liberty a Victim to Consumption—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Appropriate Voluntaries—'Musical News,' London.
A St. Francis of Art—The 'Christian World.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Song of October—By William Cullen Bryant.
Veranilda—George Gissing's Unfinished Romance—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Earthly Purgatory—A New Book, by Miss L. Dougall—English Papers.
Westminster Abbey—By John o' London, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Approaching Revolution in the American College—The 'Sun,' New York.
Professor Finsen—The Manchester 'Guardian,' the 'Standard,' London.
The Migration of Birds—The 'Leisure Hour.'
The Fastest Boats in the World—A Tribute to Canadian Small Boats—By Casnar Whitney, in 'Outing,' New York.
Gold Ships—Should Fertile Land be Destroyed?—The 'Inter-Ocean.'

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A Gipsy Lad.

Whilst driving out near an encampment of gipsies, I went in amongst them. After buying some of the skewers they were making, I learned one of their number was ill. I begged to be allowed to see him. The father asked:

'Do you want to talk about religion?'

'No.'

'What then?'

'About Christ.'

'Oh! then you may go; only if you talk religion, I'll set the dog on to you.'

In the caravan I found a lad alone, and in bed, evidently at the far end of the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, and he looked as one already dead. Very slowly in his ear I repeated the Scripture, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

I repeated it five times without any apparent response; he did not seem to hear even with the outward ear. On hearing it the sixth time, he opened his eyes and smiled. To my surprise he whispered:

'And I never thanked him; but nobody ever told me. I 'turn him many thanks—only a poor gipsy chap! I see! I see! I thank him kindly!'

He closed his eyes with an expression of intense satisfaction. As I knelt beside him I thanked God. The lips moved again. I caught, 'Th..'s it.' There were more words, but I could not hear them.

On going the next day I found the dear lad had died eleven hours after I left. His father said he had been very 'peaceable,' and had a 'tidy death.' There were no Bible or Testament in the encampment. I left them one of each. The poor man wished me 'good luck,' and gave me a little bundle of skewers the dear 'boy Jemmy' had made.

Now, boys, it was apparently the first time this dear lad had ever heard of God's salvation, and with unquestioning faith he took God at his word, and with his dying lips he thanked him that he had so loved the world as to give his Son for him, a 'poor gipsy chap.' God is satisfied with the finished work of Christ. This poor lad was also satisfied; and this mutual satisfaction was instant and everlasting salvation.—'Christian Globe.'

Some Funny Places for Ears

A wise man's eyes are in his head, and his ears also, but these latter organs in some animals are placed quite otherwise. Fishes, for example, have both ears in their head, and also structures in the skin of the body which help them to perceive any movements in the water. A dark line, easily seen along either side of a fish's body, is the seat of such organs.

If you examine a lobster or prawn, you will find two pairs of horns, or feelers, sticking out of his head, one pair being large, another small. Lodged in each small feeler is a little bag opening to the outside, which enables the creatures to hear.

There is a little shrimp, the opossum shrimp, which has an ear imbedded in each side flap of his tail, quite the wrong end for it. Shell fish, such as mussels and cockles, are blessed with a single fleshy foot which sticks out from the under side of the body, and is used to shove the animal along. Two little bag-like ears are contained in this, so that the creature can listen to his own footsteps, so to speak.

Flies and other sorts of insects carry one pair of feelers on the head, and there is reason to think that these enable their possessor not only to feel, but also to smell and hear. Such things as grasshoppers go in for a pair of ears contained in two out of their six legs, and these are constructed to appreciate the 'chirping' noise we hear in the country during the summer time.

And we may suppose that Mother Grasshopper has to box her unruly offspring's ears by smiting his legs.—Selected.

Handsome is That Handsome Does.

(Sara Virginia Du Bois, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The story is told of a little girl who was not only homely, but awkward with it, and being dull at her books, became the butt of the school. Painfully conscious of all her own shortcomings, she fell into a morose state, withdrew into herself, and grew so bitter, that all her schoolmates, with one consent, avoided her.

The language teacher had an extremely kind heart, she noted all this, and was troubled as she thought of the possible result. Calling the child to her one day, she said, kindly: 'Mary, why are you so sad and miserable.' A flood of tears was the answer, and it was several moments before the voice could be governed sufficiently to reply.

'No one loves me, I am so ugly.' The lady took the child tenderly in her arms.

'Come with me, dear, I have something for you,' she said.

Then she presented her with what looked a hard substance covered with earth.

'It is not beautiful now,' continued the lady, 'but plant it and watch it develop, dear child. Be sure to give it plenty of water and sunshine for a week or two.'

And so it was planted and carefully tended; first came the green leaves, and later a golden Japanese lily budded out into perfect beauty. The child gave an exclamation of delight, and carried it to her teacher. 'Oh, see what you have given me,' she cried, her face aglow with joy.

'My dear little friend,' was the loving answer, 'that plant was not beautiful to begin with, but it took heart, and attained rare perfection.' The lesson sank deep into the heart of the child. It had never once occurred to her that in spite of her homely face she might be able to make herself beloved by all others. She gazed deep into the heart of the lily and pondered over her teacher's words.

'My face must always be homely,' she thought, 'but I might be able to light it up with a beautiful soul.' Then she set about her course with steadfast purpose; where she had been careless and indifferent, she became careful and solicitous. She found happiness in making happiness for others. In school she applied herself with untiring effort, and teachers and pupils alike recognized the great change, and meted out a respect which touched and quickened her sensitive soul into keener action. As the years sped by she became one of the most kindly and lovable women, eagerly sought as a leader and respected by all of them.

'My dear,' said one of her admirers to her, 'there is a secret underlying all this success of yours, which we attribute to you. Were my love for you less ardent, I could almost wish that I could find the key to it all.'

'Ah, dear, one,' was the answer, 'the key is a simple one, and has unlocked the door to many a heart when all else failed. It was just a kind word, spoken to me at the right season when I was a child.'

His Price For His Soul.

A SKETCH.

(Fay Morrison Newland, in the 'Ram's Horn.')

'Money, money, money!' hummed the electric wires overhead.

'Money, money, money!' sang the sleigh bells in the street.

As Stephen Bane trod heavily along the snowy pavement, his very foot-fall seemed to shout—'Good—hard—cash; Good—hard cash!'

He gazed into the cold, night sky, and saw what seemed to him a great shining, silver dollar, sailing serenely in the heavens.

As he paused a moment before a baker's shop, he saw the baker's boy in cap and apron placing a plate of something that looked to him like immense copper pennies, brown and tempting, in the window.

Turn whichever way he would, Stephen could see nothing but money, hear nothing but money. His was a money-cursed life. And yet it was not the possession of money that had ruined him, for he was a poor man. Money had cursed him because he loved it, longed for it, dreamed of it by day and night, envied those who possessed it in abundance and despised those who did not.

'Money, money, money!' shouted a stranger standing on the street corner. 'Money to sell, money to give away, money to throw away for the man who wants it! Money, money, money!'

Stephen stopped and gazed at the man in sheer amazement and then bounded forward, his heart beating wildly. In his fearful haste he knocked down women and children, nor did he pause to see what hurt he had done. He was not the only one in the hurrying crowd who hastened to the side of the strange magician who shouted the strange cry. But no sooner had Stephen reached him than the magician smiled as though he recognized him, and gazed into his eyes as if to read his inmost soul.

Stephen bore this scrutiny with the greatest impatience. Presently, a sleigh dashed by and the bells rang out—a perfect avalanche of silver! At this Stephen could restrain himself no longer, and timidly reminded the magician of his lavish offers.

'Oho,' laughed he, 'you want money, do you? How much do you want?' Stephen hesitated. Visions of great wealth danced before his eyes. A sudden ambition for unlimited possessions mounted large in his brain.

'I want all I can get,' he finally gasped out. 'I want hundreds of thousands—millions!'

'How earnestly do you desire it?' asked the magician.

'More than anything else in the world,' replied Stephen, eagerly, his voice trembling with excitement.

The magician smiled and his voice was as sweet as music when he spoke again:

'You can have your wish. You will find money everywhere. It will lie in your path as you walk along, yours for the taking. You can begin gathering it to-night and before you reach home you may have every pocket filled—all this on one condition.

'What is the condition?' demanded Stephen impatiently.

'I will only ask you for a little of your time. You must give me one year—a mere nothing to one so young and strong.'

'A year of my life?' cried Stephen, shuddering.

'You may call it that if you like,' replied the magician, 'but others have willingly given much more and have received less than I have promised you.' As he spoke he produced

an account book which he opened, showing Stephen page after page. On each was the form of an agreement duly signed and sealed. Some of the names were familiar to him.

'Here's Judge Bribes,' said the magician. 'He has signed five years away and receives fifty thousand.'

'Yes, I know him well. He is an older man than I,' murmured Stephen.

'Here is Bond, the broker,' continued the magician. 'He has signed away ten years, and I have given him a million.'

Stephen waited to hear no more, but reached for the book with trembling fingers. 'I am young and strong,' he cried. 'I have every prospect of a long life. My father is an old man. My grandfather lived a hundred years. I'll sign away one year, just one year.' He wrote his name with fingers that shook with a wild joy mingled with a nameless dread.

'I will hold you to your part of the bargain,' he began haughtily, looking up. But the sentence died on his lips, for the magician had disappeared. In his surprise and bewilderment he was tempted to imagine the experience of the last hour nothing but a dream. However, as he started forward he stumbled and reaching down he found his foot had struck a bag bursting with gold and silver coin.

Laughing with delight at this evidence of the magician's sincerity he quickly gathered up the treasure and hurried on. This was but the beginning of his good luck. Again and again on his way home he found money till his brain grew dizzy as he tried to calculate the wealth of that one night's gathering.

At last he stood on his own doorstep. 'The last night in this miserable cottage,' he said haughtily to himself. 'To-morrow a palace! The last night of meanness and obscurity! To-morrow I will be known and envied as a rich man.'

'The last night, indeed!' a sad but stern voice spoke out of the darkness.

'Who are you?' demanded Stephen proudly.

'I am the Angel of Death. You must come with me.'

'But I signed away only a year, only a year,' cried Stephen, gazing into the darkness with horror-stricken eyes.

'It was the only year you had to live, although you knew it not. You must pay the price—a year of life for a handful of gold.'

How Tom Got His Manners

Tom's father was a rich man, and Tom lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore very fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all the fine things his father's money bought. He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very rude, and was cross to the servants. Once he kicked Towser, but the dog growled, and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

One day, when Tom was playing in the yard, he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare. But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a basket of wild flowers.

'Go away from here,' said Tom, running to the gate. 'We do not want any ragged boys around.'

'Please give me a drink,' said the boy. 'If you are so rich you can spare me a glass of water.'

'We can't spare you anything,' said Tom. 'If you don't go away I will set the dogs on you.'

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the basket in his hand.

'I think I will get some flowers, too,' said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate into the lane leading into a meadow where there were plenty.

Tom saw some fine large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and Tom sank down in it to his waist. He was very much frightened, and began to scream for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He screamed until he was tired. He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch when he heard steps on the grass. Looking up, he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate a short time before.

'Please help me out,' said Tom, crying; 'I will give you a shilling.'

'I don't want your shilling,' said the other boy. Lying down flat on the grass, he held out both his hands to Tom, and drew him out of the ditch.

Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

'Who is dirty now?' asked the boy.

'I am,' said poor Tom; 'but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am very sorry I sent you away from the gate.'

'The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better,' said the boy. 'I am not rich, but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners.'

'I think so, too,' said Tom.

The next day, when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves, and ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

'You have good manners now,' said the boy.

'Yes,' said Tom, 'I found them in the ditch.'

—'Christian Globe.'

He Loved Animals

Charles Kingsley's love for everything that had life was remarkable. He spoke of all living creatures as his friends, and saw in them the handiwork of God. On his lawn lived a family of natterjacks (running toads) that dwelt from year to year in the same hole in a green bank which a scythe was never allowed to approach.

He had two little friends in a pair of sand-wasps that made their home in a crack of the window-frame in his dressing-room. One of these he had saved from drowning in a hand-basin, taking it tenderly out into the sunshine to dry. Every spring he would look eagerly for this pair of wasps or their children, watching for them to come out from or return to the same crack.

The little flycatcher that built its nest every year under his bedroom window was a constant joy to him. He had also a favorite slow-worm in the churchyard, which his parishioners were warned not to kill under the mistaken idea that slowworms were poisonous.

The same love for God's creatures was encouraged in his children. He taught them to admire and to handle gently every living thing. Toads, frogs, beetles and worms were to them not repulsive things, to be killed as soon as seen, but wonders from the hand of God.—'Youth's Companion.'

Though heavy pressure is brought upon him to promote the sale of intoxicants in his kingdom, King Khama, the noble chief of the Bamangwatos in South Africa, still persists in his refusal to allow the deadly traffic to be carried on.

Indian Skill.

'What boy would not be an Indian for a while when he thinks of the freest life in the world?' asks the Indian writer, Mr. Charles A. Eastman, in his book, 'Indian Boyhood.' But while Indian boys have the freedom of the woods, they have a more severe training than white boys, to fit them for what their tribe believes to be the duties of manhood. Mr. Eastman thus recalls his own experience:

It seems to be a popular idea that all the characteristic skill of the Indian is instinctive and hereditary. This is a mistake. All the stoicism and patience of the Indian are acquired traits, and continued practice alone makes him master of the art of woodcraft.

Physical training and dieting were not neglected. I remember that I was not allowed to have warm beef soup or any warm drink. The soup was for the old men. General rules for the young were never to take their food very hot, nor to drink much water.

My uncle, who educated me up to the time when I was fifteen years of age, was a strict disciplinarian and a good teacher. When I left the tepee in the morning he would say, 'Hakadah, look closely to everything you see,' and at evening, on my return, he used often to catechize me for an hour or so: 'On which side of the trees is the light-colored bark? On which side do they have the most regular branches?'

It was his custom to let me name the new birds that I had seen during the day. I would name them according to the color or shape of the bill or their song or the appearance and locality of the nest; in fact, anything about the bird that impressed me as characteristic.

'Hakadah,' he would say to me, 'you ought to follow the example of the shunktokecha (the wolf). Even when he is surprised and runs for his life, he will pause to take one more look at you before he enters his final retreat. So you must take a second look at everything you see.'

All boys were expected to endure hardship without complaint. In savage warfare a young man must, of course, be an athlete, and used to undergoing all sorts of privations. He must be able to go without food and water for two or three days without displaying any weakness, or to run for a day and a night without any rest. He must be able to traverse a pathless wild country without losing his way either in the day or at night. He cannot fall short in any of these things if he aspires to be a warrior.—Selected.

A Japanese Boy's Name.

Every child in this country can answer the question, 'What is your name?' without hesitation, but the Japanese boy must think a little to make sure, for at various periods of his life he has different names.

He receives his first when he is just a month old. Then three different names are written on three slips of paper and thrown into the air in the temple while prayers are addressed to the family deity. That which falls first to the ground bears the name the child is called till he is three years old. Then he receives a new name.

At fifteen the Japanese boy receives a new name in honor of his coming of age. His name is changed again on the occasion of his marriage and on any advance in his position. Even mortal illness does not end this confusing state of affairs, for when death comes a new name is given him by which presumably he is known in the spirit world.—'Ram's Horn.'

A Fox and a Duck.

(L. Beatrice Thompson, in 'Cottager and Artisan.')

Foxes are sometimes caught young, and kept chained up in a stable yard, where they become very tame; but if let loose they are dreadfully mischievous; and though

A STRANGE PAIR OF FRIENDS.

delightfully fascinating in their funny and amusing ways, they must never be relied on, for one day they may be perfectly docile, but the next they may bite. Being very subject to hydrophobia, the wounds inflicted by their sharp teeth are more dangerous than those caused by their cousin the dog.

Once, when I was sketching foxes in the Zoological Gardens, I was told by a gentleman who lived in one of the Midland counties that he had recently been surprised, on looking out of his window, to see a fox sitting in his yard chained to a kennel. On making enquiries, his groom explained that he had caught him there early, and fastened him up. He had evidently come because he was attracted by the lingering smell of poultry, although none had been kept there for at least two years.

Considering that a taste for poultry is the ruling passion with foxes in general, a curious incident was related two or three years ago concerning one who lived in a kennel in a cabman's yard. It so chanced that some gipsies had entered it, and unintentionally left a duck behind them. The fox, who often ran about at liberty, instead of eating the duck made friends with it, the two companions not only feeding together, but sharing the comfortable shelter of the kennel in amity.

The Name Cut on the Rock

You find it on the Natural Bridge, unless it has become effaced by the hand of time. It was cut by a boy who tried to procure a little glory for himself in an unusual way.

One day, this boy and several companions came to the rocky archway to cut their names on its sides. Some put them towards the bottom, and some chose a higher place; but the boy I am speaking of was a great deal bolder than the rest, and, after looking up and seeing the names of many visitors high above him, he said, 'Pooh! I am not going to creep along the ground like the rest of you when I cut my name! I'm going to put it where the people at Rappahannock can see it. Look here, boys,' he continued, 'I've got my big knife along, an maybe you'll see me a little higher than the rest pretty soon.'

'You aren't going to venture up there?' said one of the boys.

'I think I am, though. What's the use of walking this long way and doing nothing after all?'

'Don't brag, Jim,' said his next neighbor, who was standing on the roots of a small cedar tree, and hard at work scratching his initials—'W.J.B.'—upon the softest part of the rock he could find, —'don't brag!'

'Well, you'll see what I can do,' was Jim's reply. 'So here goes!' and he was commencing to climb the jutting crag. He got on very well at first, by holding the bushes and brambles, until he was beyond nearly all the names on the side of the rock.

'Hurrah! where are you?' he shouted to his comrades; 'come on shouted to his comrades; 'come on,'

'You are high enough now, Jim,' said Bob Willis, 'I'd stop there if I was you.'

'Not half-way yet, you little coward!' answered Jim, 'don't give your advices to your betters till you can spell the word "a-b-l-e;"' and the adventurous boy, who had stopped to take breath, resumed the ascent, and went up until he was above the tops of the highest

trees which grew in the valley; and still upwards he went until the boys below began to get afraid in earnest, and begged him to stop.

'You'll break your neck as sure as your name is Jim Vaugh!' shouted little Joe Ednor.

But Jim, who was also beginning to think that he was high enough, just happened to see, at a short distance above him, a name, and in his pride, he shouted—'Mind your own business, Josey, I'm not going to let anybody put his old name over my head.'

Again he went on with his climbing. He cut notches in the side of the rock, and, holding on with one hand, he worked away with the other.

At last he was at a point which no one before him had reached, and there he scratched and cut his name as deeply as he could. By this time he was pretty well tired; but the excitement of the occasion kept him from feeling much fatigued.

Having finished his work the climber thought of getting back to the ground. But this was not so easy a matter as he had at first taken it to be. If it was hard to go up it was yet harder to go down. He saw the danger into which his pride had led him, and his head began to grow dizzy.

By this time a large number of people had come together. The boys, alarmed, had run to spread the news in the neighbourhood: one of them went to Mr. Vaugh's house, and soon Jim's father, mother, brother, and sister were there also.

'You can't descend,' shouted one of the crowd; 'no use to attempt it; try and gain the top.' And this was all that could be done. Poor Jim! he would have given worlds to be on the ground but he had no time for lamentation. A desperate effort must be made, or he would soon lose his hold and be dashed to pieces. He determined to put forth all his remaining energies. Step by step he began to cut and scrape his way upward. At length his strength was nearly gone, and he clung to the sides of the rock. It was a moment of fearful suspense.

Some of the people had hastened to the top of the bridge with ropes, which were let down to their full extent. In deepest agony of mind the father shouted to him 'Jim! Jim! do not look down. Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here. We are praying for you. Do not look down. Keep your eye towards the top.'

What was now to be done to save him? At this moment a man lay down at his full length, with nearly half of his body hanging over the top of the bridge. He lowered a looped rope within reach of the fainting youth, who was now just able to place it over his head, and then under each arm. And now he was seen swinging over the fearful height, whilst those from above gently raised him to the top. As he came up, one of the crowd on the top of the bridge seized him in his arms, and held him up to the view of the rest; while the shout, 'He's safe! he's safe!' was heard above and below. How great was the joy of his parents, and how indescribable his own feelings, as he thought of the dangers he had passed; I do not know whether Jim Vaugh knelt down that night to thank the Lord; I hope he did; but this I am certain, that he never again attempted to climb the Natural Bridge.

You have listened to my story, children; now attend to what I have yet to say. Some of you boys are good climbers; but high as you may have ascended, you have not climbed a high, nor did Jim Vaugh, as some of whom I have heard, who wished to cut their names higher than others in the world, and sought to reach lofty places of earthly renown. Shall I tell you about them?

King Solomon climbed till his head grew dizzy. He 'withheld his heart from no joy.' Then, as he returned to God, from whom he had wandered, he said of laughter, 'it is mad,' and of mirth, 'What doeth it?' of all his climbing—'It is vanity and vexation of spirit.'

Severus, Emperor of Rome, climbed from a low position to the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness. Then he said, when he saw his end approaching, 'I have been everything, and everything is nothing.'

Alexander the Great was another high climber, and when he attained to the throne of the world, he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer.

Napoleon Bonaparte inscribed his name above all the kings of the earth, reached Waterloo, and fell broken-hearted on St. Helena.—'Christian Messenger.'

The Nursery Elf.

Dear little feet, how you wander and wander.
Little twin truants so fleet!
Dear little head, how you ponder and ponder
Over the things that you meet.
Dear little tongue, how you chatter and chatter
Over your innocent joys!
Oh, but the house is alive with your clatter,
Shaking, indeed, with your noise!
Can't you be quiet a moment, sweet rover?
Is there no end to your fun?
Soon the old sand-man will sprinkle you over,
Then the day's frolic is done.
Come to my arms, for the daylight is dying,
Closer the dark shadows creep;
Come, like a bird that is weary of flying;
Come, let me sing you to sleep.
—Josephine Poldlar.

My Pictures.

I wonder why it is that when
I pictures draw of boys and men,
And horses, too, for my mamma,
She doesn't quite know what they are?
Sometimes I draw a big brick house,
Sometimes a cat and little mouse;
And then mamma will say to me,
'Why, yes, this is the mouse, I see,'
When, really, what she's looking at,
I'm sure she must know, is the cat.
And, if I draw a butterfly,
That goes far up into the sky,
She thinks—I can't imagine how—
Perhaps it is the old red cow!
But when I draw, as best I can,
A picture of a big tall man,
Then clap my hands and shout,
'Hurrah!'
She always knows it is papa!
—Harriett Johnson McLellan.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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And What Our Friends are Saying About It.

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I remain, yours truly, G. E. RICHARDS, Presbyterian Missionary.

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Respectfully,

THOS. M. HENRY.

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Lancaster, Ont.

We cannot do without the 'Witness.' If it should cease to be published, Canada would change its character for the worse inside of ten years.. (Rev.) J. U. TANNER

[While the good people of Canada stand behind the 'Witness' there is no danger of its ceasing publication. But if all the good people thought and acted with Mr. Tanner, the 'Witness' would be a better paper than it is. Every added subscriber adds to its earning, and, therefore, to its spending power.]

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About the 'Northern Messenger.'

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ELIZABETH H. BURNS.

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WM. CROCKETT, LL.D.

(From the President of the G.N.W. Company.)

Toronto, Ont., 1904.

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(Rev.) E. THOMAS.

Sumpter, Oreg.

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J. H. MACALLUM.

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Drink in India.

More than one speaker thoroughly familiar with life in India has recently called attention to the development of the drink traffic in that country; and at the recent meeting of the Ladies' Extension Committee of the Sunday-School Union, Miss Dunhill, a Eurasian lady, said:—

'Of recent years a new terror had come into Indian life, namely, strong drink. Fifty years ago one brewery disgraced India, now there were twenty-four. In one presidency the revenue from drink was found to be going down, and our Christian Government planted 407 fresh drink shops when they found the natives were not drinking enough. The little children of Bombay said, "Let us play at being Christians," so they staggered to and fro, fell down, and fought each other, and pretended they were drunkards."

Unhappily the Indian Administration, with public auction of licences, finds, as the Government at home does, the drink traffic a prolific source of revenue, and develops it quite regardless of the well-being of the people.—'The Christian.'

Children the Sufferers.

In Great Britain the effect of alcohol on our child-life is the saddest feature of our country. A child is always a pathetic figure, helpless and confiding, and at this very hour as I pass in and out of the main streets of the poorer parts of London, as I see the children white and wan playing in the dusty alleys because they have no home to which to go, nothing but a wretched room where reign squalor and dirt, as I hear the brutal oaths that greet them from the lips of mothers who return from the drink shops besotted and intoxicated, as I watch their sufferings in summer when they droop like flowers for want of fresh and wholesome air, as I see them perishing with cold in the winter, shivering on the snowy doorsteps, going to their school underfed, ill-clad, I realize hour by hour how it is the children who are smitten by the drink traffic.—'The Pioneer.'

Good Trade When We Please.

We are all wanting more work in this country, and I can tell you how to get it. If a man spends £5 in shoes, £1 17s. goes in labor; if he spends £5 in linen, £2 goes in labor, in earthenware, £2 11s.; and in clothes, £4; but if he spends £5 in drink, only 2s. 6d. goes in labor. Why will not shrewd, intelligent business men probe and expose, or admit these and similar figures! The question is much too important, especially in these dull times, to be ignored or sneered at. We can have good trade as soon as we please.—Thos. Burt, M.P., in the 'League Journal.'

The Safe Bridge.

That staunch old Scotchman, Dr. Arnot, gives a good illustration on the total abstinence question. You will find the world full of men who will tell you that they 'are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side.' 'They know when they have had enough; no danger of their becoming drunkards,' and the like.

Dr. Arnot says: 'True, you are not obliged; but here is a river we have to cross. It is broad and deep and rapid; whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow footbridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may skip over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide; its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering wee ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friends, you say, "I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber." True, true, you are not obliged, but as for us, we know that if we cross that timber, though we may go safely, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish. And we feel better to go by the bridge!'

Walking a foot-bridge over a raging torrent is risky business, but it is safety itself compared with tampering with strong drink. The surer the man is of his own safety, the less other people are assured of it. When a man is just about falling into the abyss he is sure he is the only sober man around. The total abstinence bridge is strong and safe, and there is room for the whole world to pass over in safety.—'Safeguard.'

'Buffalo Bill' is a strict total abstainer, and this is doubtless the secret of his untiring energy and splendid physique. 'I've got 600 men here,' said the colonel recently in London, 'and I abstain for the sake of example. They're not ashamed to keep off drink if I do; and I believe in the force of example, for I don't mind saying that very many years ago I remember finding a temperance lecture of mine falling rather flat in the morning because I had not set a good example the night before. Drink can be done without.'

Money-Making Temperance

A temperance lecturer, the Rev. T. P. Hunt, was often saved from ill-usage by his quick wit. At one of his lectures, when the cause of temperance was new, Mr. Hunt heard a gentleman haranguing the crowd against temperance. As the lecturer passed the door, he heard this man say: 'It is nothing but a money-making scheme.' 'Sir,' Hunt replied, quickly, 'you do not believe that and, I can prove it.' The man defied him to do so. 'You are a stranger to me,' said Mr. Hunt, 'but I judge from your appearance that you pay close attention to your own affairs, and are always looking for good investments. Is it not so?' The man admitted that it was. 'Well, gentlemen,' resumed the lecturer, 'I have been two days endeavoring to get him to join the temperance ranks. If he believed it to be a money-making business, wouldn't he have taken stock?' 'Yes, yes!' came a shout from the crowd. Mr. Hunt's opponent escaped as quickly as he could, while the listeners hailed him with laughter and cries of 'Take stock! we won't believe you if you don't.'

The projectors of the railway running from Lake Charles to Alexandria, U.S.A., bought the towns sites along the line, and sold them in lots under a deed with a stringent prohibition clause. It provided for the forfeiture of any lot used for drink-selling purposes; the land to revert to the vendors without compensation. A case has already occurred. The court gave a verdict for the company, and the drink seller had no redress.—Exchange.

The Economics of Drink--in a Nutshell.

Suppose four farmers came into town, each with $30 in his pocket. One goes to a dry goods store, one to a hardware store, one to a boot and shoe store, one to a saloon, and each spends his money in the place he visits.

After two weeks I come to you and say: 'Let us go and see those producers; see what they have received for the money they gave those non-producers.' We drive to the home of the man who spent his money at the dry goods store. 'What did you get?' 'Do you see that dress which Nellie is wearing and the coat that Tom has on? Well, I gave the merchant $30, and he gave me in exchange these things. He is better off; we are better off.' Exchange of value; both are benefited.

We go to the man who traded at the hardware store, and we say: 'What dod you receive?' 'Do you see the stove, and the axe, and those kettles?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I gave him $30, he gave me these. We are better off; he is better off.'

We go to the man who spent his money at ware store, and we say: 'What did you receive for the money you paid?' 'You see these boots which I am wearing, and the shoes Nellie has on, and the boots that Will, Dick and Harry and the rest are wearing? I gave that merchant $30 for them. We needed the boots and the shoes, and he needed the money, and we traded.' An exchange of value; both are benefited.

Now we go to the man who spent his $30 in the saloon and say to him: 'Sir, you paid that non-producer $30. What did you get back?' 'Come here and I will show you.' Will he say that? No, he will hang his head and say: 'I got this flaming nose, these bleared eyes, and have been sick ever since.'

'My farmer friend, would you not have been better off if you had put the $30 in the fire and burned it, and never had gone to the drinking place at all? Yes; because you would have had a clear head, hard muscle, and could have gone to work at once and produced more wealth to take the place of that destroyed. The liquor dealer took your money and unfitted your brain and muscles for the production of more wealth.'—'Evangelical Visitor.'

An Old Temperance Pledge.

We girls and boys
We do not think
It wise to taste
The drunkard's drink.

We therefore promise
To abstain,
And firm to temperance
Will remain.

This pledge I take,
And hope that I
Shall sober live
And sober die.

—Selected.

Brandy in Mountaineering.

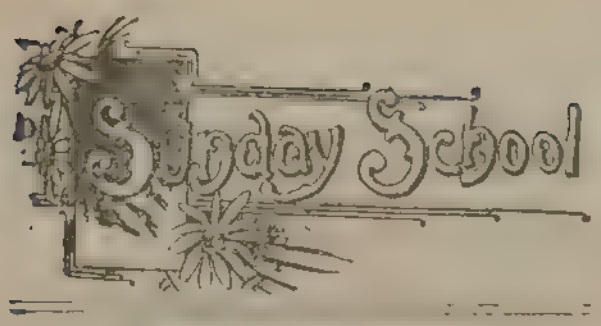
In Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's book, 'Adventures on the Roof of the World,' she makes some remarks on the experience of Alpine climbers with regard to the use of stimulants for their warmth which should be instructive to others than mountaineers. Referring to an ascent of Dent Blanche, she writes:—'It will be noticed that during a very cold night they avoided their 'brandy flask like poison.' When a climber is exhausted and help is near, a flask of brandy is invaluable, but when a party has to spend a bitterly cold night in the open it is madness to touch spirits at all. The effect of a stimulant is to quicken the action of the heart, and drive the blood with increased rapidity to the surface. Here it is continually cooled, and before long the heart finds it has to work doubly hard to keep up the circulation. Therefore to take brandy in order to resist the cold for hours together is like stirring up a cup of hot fluid, whereby fresh surfaces are continually brought in contact with the air and cooled with far greater rapidity than if left quiet.

Effects of Beer Drinking

'Health,' a journal of health and hygiene, says that the excessive use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs. Profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion, perversion of functional activities, and local inflammation of both liver and kidneys, are constantly present. A stupor amounting to almost paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the excessive beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable, and more generally diseased. The constant and inordinate use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces.

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.



LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 6.

Joash, the Boy King.

II. Kings xi., 1-16.

Golden Text.

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice. Proverbs xxix., 2.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 31.—II. Kings xi., 1-16.
Tuesday, Nov. 1.—II. Chron. xxii., 1-12.
Wednesday, Nov. 2.—II. Chron. xxiii., 1-11.
Thursday, Nov. 3.—I. Sam. iii., 1-14.
Friday, Nov. 4.—I. Sam. xvi., 11-23.
Saturday, Nov. 5.—II. Kings xxi., 1-16.
Sunday, Nov. 6.—II. Chron. xxxiv., 1-7, 26-28

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Some of our lessons are full of spiritual helpfulness, others of practical teachings for everyday affairs, while still others are mainly taken up with matters of Bible history, bringing to notice especially certain persons and circumstances connected with their lives.

The lesson before us belongs rather to the last named kind, though we must not, in studying facts of history, overlook the hand of Providence in national affairs. In this account of Joash we find a purpose of God being slowly worked out.

When Elijah was so discouraged and fled to Mount Sinai, God had told him that he should anoint Hazael to be king of Syria, and Jehu to be king of Israel. The purpose of this was that from without and within Israel, the northern kingdom of ten tribes, was to be punished for Baal worship.

Though the anointing of both these two men did not follow at once, it was carried out as Elijah had been told, whether by Elijah in person or through his instructions.

If you read the passage in II. Kings between the last lesson and this you will discover that Hazael was indeed to inflict punishment on Israel while Jehu destroyed the house of the wicked Ahab, including Jezebel.

Unfortunately for Judah, the southern kingdom of two tribes, Jehosaphat had permitted his son Jehoram to marry Athaliah the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel, and Athaliah was a wicked and ambitious woman, like her mother, Ahaziah, who was born of this marriage, reigned over Judah but a year, before his death at the hands of Jehu, and he followed the ways of his grandfather Ahab.

In reading it will prevent confusion to remember that both Judah and Israel had a King Jehoram and a King Ahaziah.

JOASH SAVED FROM DEATH.

1. 'And when Athaliah the mother of Ahaziah saw that her son was dead she arose and destroyed all the seed royal.

2. 'But Jehosheba, the daughter of king Joram, sister of Ahaziah, took Joash the son of Ahaziah, and stole him from among the king's sons which were slain; and they hid him, even him and his nurse, in the bedchamber from Athaliah, so that he was not slain.

3. 'And he was with her hid in the house of the Lord six years. And Athaliah did reign over the land.'

Upon the death of her son, King Ahaziah, Athaliah was ambitious to seize the government herself. Utterly unprincipled, this daughter of Jezebel decided upon murder as the short road to power, and thereupon slew the royal seed of Judah.

But the Lord had said to David, by the prophet Nathan, 'And thine house and thy kingdom shall be established for ever before thee: thy throne shall be established for ever.' And now the Lord fulfilled his promise in this hour of peril. A woman, the wife of Jehoiada the high priest, possibly from simple compassion for the little prince whose bloodthirsty grandmother sought his life, hid the child Joash and his nurse and thus saved his life.

For six years Joash was kept in the temple, while the wicked Athaliah ruled the land. So was the seed of David preserved that one of his descendants should occupy his throne.

THE HIGH PRIEST ASSUMES CHARGE OF AFFAIRS.

4. 'And the seventh year Jehoiada sent and fetched the rulers over hundreds, with the captains and the guard, and brought them to him into the house of the Lord, and made a covenant with them, and took an oath of them in the house of the Lord, and shewed them the king's son.

5. 'And he commanded them, saying, This is the thing that ye shall do; A third part of you that enter in on the sabbath shall even be keepers of the watch of the king's house;

6. 'And a third part shall be at the gate of Sur; and a third part at the gate behind the guard: so shall ye keep the watch of the king's house, that it be not broken down.

7. 'And two parts of all you that go forth on the sabbath, even they shall keep the watch of the house of the Lord about the King.

8. 'And ye shall compass the king round about, every man with his weapons in his hand: and he that cometh within the ranges, let him be slain: and be ye with the king as he goeth out and as he cometh in.'

The high priest, Jehoiada, whose wife, the aunt of Joash, had preserved the young prince alive, now determined to place the rightful ruler upon the throne. True, Joash was but a child, and for a time would be king only in name, but the throne was his by divine promise, and the high priest now planned to place him upon it.

He summoned the rulers of the royal guard, bound them in a covenant, and shewed them Joash, their rightful king. Then he issued orders, stationing divisions of men at various points about the temple and the king's house. The priests and Levites divided into courses, but Jehoiada seems to have summoned all to duty for this crisis, and armed them for service. See the account of the action by Jehoiada in II. Chronicles xxiii.

THE KING CROWNED.

9. 'And the captains over the hundreds did according to all things that Jehoiada the priest commanded: and they took every man his men that were to come in on the sabbath, with them that should go out on the sabbath, and came to Jehoiada the priest.

10. 'And to the captains over hundreds did the priest give king David's spears and shields, that were in the temple of the Lord.

11. 'And the guard stood, every man with his weapons in his hand, round about the king, from the right corner of the temple to the left corner of the temple, along by the altar and the temple.

12. 'And he brought forth the king's son, and put the crown upon him, and gave him the testimony; and they made him king, and anointed him; and they clapped their hands, and said, God save the king.'

From the fact that the instructions of Jehoiada were carried out so readily, it may be inferred that the time was fully ripe for setting aside the wicked Athaliah, who had usurped the power. Among the weapons to be used in the defense of this young king were those belonging formerly to David, his illustrious ancestor.

When all had been arranged, the young king, only seven years old, was brought out and crowned, and 'the testimony' was given him. According to Deuteronomy xvii., 18, the king was to have his own copy of the law, so this 'testimony' was now presented to Joash, when he was crowned and anointed king.

Now the time had come to throw off all caution and secrecy. Judah had an heir of David upon the throne, and the company present at his coronation burst into a great shout, 'God save the king.'

THE VIOLENT END OF A CRUEL LIFE.

13. 'And when Athaliah heard the noise of the guard and of the people, she came to the people into the temple of the Lord.

14. 'And when she looked, behold, the king stood by a pillar, as the manner was, and the princes and the trumpeters by the king, and all the people of the land rejoiced, and blew with trumpets: and Athaliah rent her clothes, and cried, Treason, Treason.

15. 'But Jehoiada the priest commanded the captains of the hundreds, the officers of the host, and said unto them, Have her forth without the ranges: and him that followeth her kill with the sword. For the priest had said, Let her not be slain in the house of the Lord.

16. 'And they laid hands on her; and she went by the way by which the horses came into the king's house; and there was she slain.'

Thinking herself secure, after she had slain all, as she thought, of the royal house, Athaliah did not suspect the uprising that was at hand, not knowing that a royal prince had been preserved in the Lord's house. But sudden vengeance overtook the murderess in the very midst of fancied security.

Hearing the acclamations of the guard and the people, and the trumpets she went to the temple, the centre of the commotion, and realized in a moment what had occurred. With a brazen front, typical of certain types of criminals, this designing, treacherous, and murdering woman rent her clothes as though deeply grieved by disloyalty on the part of the people, and shouted, 'Treason, Treason.'

But her play for sympathy and aid failed her. Sternly the high priest ordered her led away to death. The temple was not to be profaned by her blood, and anyone who followed her as a defender or friend was to be cut down.

So they took her out to her miserable but deserved end. Says one commentator, 'Athaliah was conducted to the royal stables which adjoined the palace, and there put to death.' So Judah rid herself of this daughter of Jezebel, and turned to her lawful king.

The lesson for November 13 is, 'Joash Repairs the Temple.' II. Kings xii., 4-15.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Nov. 6.—Topic—Some of God's promises that cheer me. II. Peter i., 1-4. (A promise meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

HELP IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

Monday, Oct. 31.—Help for Moses. Ex. iv., 13-17.

Tuesday, Nov. 1.—Going at God's bidding. Ex. iv., 18-23.

Wednesday, Nov. 2.—Two brothers meet again. Ex. iv., 27-31.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—Moses and Aaron and Pharaoh. Ex. v., 1-9.

Friday, Nov. 4.—The suffering people. Ex. v., 10-23.

Saturday, Nov. 5.—God's promise. Ps. xl., 15; xlvi, 1.

Sunday, Nov. 6.—Topic—God's help in time of trouble. Ex. vi., 1-8; I. Peter iii., 12.

It is not more talent you need, but grace to make a right use of the talent you have.

A teacher was recently recounting how, he was given a class of six little boys. One became a minister, others made a success of life, and the teacher thanked God for the privilege of service. Such work pays.

A Sunday-school scrap-book should be kept by every secretary for the preservation of every printed programme and item about the school. After thirty or forty years such a book will be of priceless value to the 'old folks' who like to tell how 'we used to do.'

Why not get the scholars to help in keeping track of absent ones, and being on the alert to bring new ones. Dicky knows when a new boy moves into the neighborhood; and Dicky may be a Sunday-school missionary if you will encourage him. Perhaps somebody says, 'Oh, our school is so big that we can't look after every boy and girl. Perhaps they may do it in the little schools, but we can't in our great ones.' Well, that great school is in danger of becoming small if run on such a principle. The greatest and most successful of our schools are most careful in looking after their scholars, and that is the real secret of their success. If your school kept all the scholars who have ever been in it, and were lost for lack of attention, wouldn't it be a larger school?—'S. S. World.'

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—We hope you have had a happy summer. You must have a very great deal to tell about it, and to ask each other. As we have stated before, we cannot give full names and addresses with letters, but we hope you will take advantage of this page to ask each other questions in your letters. CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

Deloraine.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' We take it at our Sunday-school, and we all like it very much. Roy R.'s letter was a very interesting letter. I experienced very much the same a few years ago. My mother, sister and myself went on a visit to my grandparents in Chicago, and we had a fine time. Coming home we had to stop at St. Paul for the greater part of the day. We took the car for Minneapolis, and saw the Minnehaha Falls and many little gold fish. Then we went to the Minneapolis Park and saw many queer looking animals. While we were there it started to rain, and this hurried us back before it was time to depart. We received a good wetting, too. But we were overtaken by a car before we got very far on the road. We all like our teacher very much. Good-bye, and I will write again if I see this in print. FANNY C. H.

New Westminster, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger,' as I have never seen one from New Westminster. I enjoy reading the Correspondence Page very much, but I wish that the boys and girls would write oftener. I am fourteen years old. I do not go to school now, but I am going to start after Christmas. We are having our exhibition. It began yesterday and ends on Saturday. It is going to be larger this year than it has ever been before. I have three sisters and one brother. We attend the Methodist church and Sunday-school. We have a very nice Mission Circle belonging to our church, and I am the President. I have read so many books that I could not mention them. I would rather read than do anything else, although I am very fond of tennis and croquet, and any outdoor game. I have no pets now. I used to have a dog named Crank, but he was such a crank that we had to give him away.

OLGA H.

Ellerslie, Alta.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have been taking it for nearly two years, and I like it very much. I like to read the letters. My home is in Ottawa, but I am out west visiting my aunt and uncle in Alberta. I have one brother named Harry. He is seventeen years old, and he is at the Woodstock College. I call him 'Gigs' for a nickname. I am ten years old myself, and he calls me Peter for a nickname, too; but neither one of us minds that. Mother and I have been here about three months now. We stopped at Winnipeg, and liked it very much. In the park there we saw the wolves, buffalo, deer, lynx, badgers, moose (little ones), bears, and several other animals, and birds. One bear would climb a high pole, and we would throw him peanuts and he would catch them. Next we came to Regina, where we visited some friends. Our friends drove us to see the government buildings, the mounted police headquarters, and the spot where poor Riel was hanged. We left Regina in the morning, and came to Calgary the next morning at five o'clock. We did not stop there long, and came on to Strathcona the same morning. From the cars we saw great numbers of horses and cattle. A man said that years ago there were more buffaloes than there are horses and cattle now. Edmonton is a mile and a half from Strathcona. The road runs down through a great ravine about a hundred feet deep, with high hills on either side, and in the bottom of this deep ravine runs a river named the Saskatchewan. My uncle has a large farm, and I had great fun driving the horses for the men when they were stacking the oats. We have about thirty stacks up now altogether. We have had lovely weather, and I have enjoyed my visit very much indeed. This summer we have gone in swimming nearly every day; it was in a little river that runs through my uncle's farm. In the fall the fish come down the river to deep water. They all run down in thousands, and I have caught a great many of them. Some of them weighed from four to five pounds each. The blackbirds got a good many bushels of oats from us, and we got a good many blackbirds, too. 'We had four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,' but we did not set it before the king, but before ourselves. We have had wild duck and rabbit, too. There are a great number of prairie wolves around here, and we often hear them barking at night. We have two little kittens, and their names are Bill Doger and Jim Brown. It is fun to watch them play, and have sham battles. A little neighbor of mine was kind enough to lend me her pony, and I have learned to ride horseback. This is a long letter, but you told Roy P. that you liked long letters. ROY M.

Carrs Brook.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl eight years old. I have taken the 'Messenger' for quite a few years, and I like it very much. This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' My first letter was in print, and so I thought I would write again. My sister got a very nice fountain pen and a Bible for getting subscribers for the 'Messenger.' I would like to get subscribers for the 'Messenger,' and I think perhaps I will. My father is away from home thrashing grain now, and in the spring he will be away sawing wood. I live on a farm, and go to school most every day. I have two miles to walk to school. I like my teacher very much; her name is Miss Lalia J. B. I am in the fourth grade at the school. ADDIE G. E.

Vineland, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' Somebody was kind enough to send me the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much; but I cannot imagine who it is that sends it. I have six brothers, but no sisters. I have a cat and four kittens and a dog called Burns. My mother is in England. I live on a farm, and have three horses and two cows. I live about seventeen miles from Niagara Falls. We have lots of fruit. We taught our dog to sit down until we put his feed down, and not to move till he is told that he can have it, then he jumps up and gets anything we give him. EDITH T. J. (aged 15).

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will now write another letter to your paper the 'Messenger.' It is always looked upon in our home as worthy of the name it bears, and I do not think there could be a more suitable name for it than 'Messenger,' for it is certainly a good messenger. I am in the junior fourth at school, and go to the Grand Avenue School. In the summer it is very pretty, as the boys and girls take a great deal of interest in the looks of the school and its grounds. I wonder if Miss Louisa N. would mind describing an iceberg in her next letter. The London Fair was a great success this year, and the fireworks were simply grand. They had 'The Bombardment of Port Arthur,' and it was beautiful. Will some of the little readers of this paper please tell us some of their Halloween sports? The boys of London play lots of pranks here, but they are not bad ones.

ISABEL D.

Yale, Mich.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from here, I thought I would write one. I am nine years old, and my birthday is on May 29. I have nearly two miles to go to school. I am in the fourth grade, and have five studies. We play a great many games at our school. The nearest village is three miles from our place. We live on a 240 acre farm. I have no sisters, but I have one brother. He is twelve years of age. We have an organ, and I take music lessons. I have taken sixteen lessons. I received my Bagster Bible, and think it is very nice for such little work. Well, this is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' so good-bye. MABEL E. M.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Ragged Tom.

One Sabbath afternoon a big boy stood at the door of the Sabbath-school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sabbath before. His father and mother had brought him, and begged that he might be received again. The superintendent said: 'We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example.'

'We know he is a bad boy at school, sir,' said the parents, 'but he is ten times worse at home. He will be ruined if you do not take him back.'

'We could take him back, if we could secure his good behaviour. I will see,' replied the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and he rang his bell for silence. All listened while he said: 'That boy wants to come into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will anyone be surety for him?'

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads. They said they knew him too well. The other boys did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry that no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of 'Ragged Tom.' It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard his little voice saying, 'If you please, sir, I will, sir.'

'You, Tom, a little boy like you! Do you know what it means to be surety, Tom?'

'Yes, sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy again, I am to be punished for it.'

'Are you willing to be punished for that big boy?'

'Yes, sir, if he's bad again.'

'Then come in,' said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked: 'I know I am a bad boy, but I am not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—never!' And, true to his word, he became one of the best boys in the school.

Jesus did what Tom promised to do. He stood surety for sinners.—'Christian Globe.'

A Swarm of Bees Worth Hiving.

B patient, B prayerful, B modest, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child,
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B sure to make matter subservient to mind;
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B familiar with few;
B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine;
B careful of conduct, of money, of time;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, because thou art dust;
B patient, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
B dependent, B Christlike, and you'll B secure.
—'Young Soldier.'

Wood Silk.

The 'Scientific American' makes the following statement concerning a product from wood that feels and looks like silk:—

News comes from abroad that an Englishman has patented a method of making imitation silk from wood. A plant erected near Sydowsaue, Germany, is at present turning out fifty pounds of skein silk a day, which product can be increased in quantity to 2,000 pounds. The silk is soft in texture, and is cream in color. Each thread is made up of eighteen single strands; a single strand is hardly perceptible to the naked eye. In strength, the real silk is two-thirds stronger than the imitation. When woven into pieces the new substitute is said to have the appearance of real silk. How this new article will compare with the genuine, in the matter of wear and price, it is impossible at present to state. The manufacturing process is likewise undiscoverable. It is asserted, however, that the pulp undergoes a chemical process and is pressed through very fine tubes by hydraulic pressure, forming the single strands which go to make up the thread.

HOUSEHOLD.

Vegetable Soups

Corn Soup.—Cut lengthwise through the grains of a dozen ears of corn and scrape the grains from the cobs. To one quart of water, add one quart of rich milk, thickened with a tablespoonful each of butter and flour. Add the corn, season, and cook for fifteen minutes. milk. Any receipt for soup which calls for Any other recipe for soup which calls for the use of fresh rich milk thickened with butter and flour. Corn soup may be made additionally appetizing by using water in which chicken has been boiled in place of the unseasoned water.

Tomato Soup.—Slice one dozen tomatoes, fry until just warmed through; slice and fry two onions brown and add to the tomatoes, with a head of celery and a sliced carrot. Add sufficient water to stew gently for half an hour; then add three pints of gravy or water in which meat of any sort has been boiled. Stew an hour and a half longer, after which press all the vegetables through a sieve, return to the water, season with pepper and salt, and serve.

Tomato Bisque.—This is an especially nice soup, and does not require much time to prepare, but the ingredients must be added just as directed, in order to avoid curdling, and the soup must be served as soon as done. Stew one quart of tomatoes, either canned or fresh, until sufficiently tender to strain. Press through a coarse sieve. In another kettle heat three pints of milk, and when hot add a tablespoonful of flour mixed smooth with a little cold milk, and cook with the milk about ten minutes, or until it thickens. When sufficiently cooked add one tablespoonful of butter, salt and a little white pepper.When all is ready for the soup to be served, put half a teaspoonful of soda in the tomatoes, which have been previously strained, and as soon as they effervesce, add the prepared milk.

Croutons.—Nicer even than crackers to serve with soup, are the croutons which are so easily prepared. To make these, cut slices of bread, old bread is better for the purpose than fresh, into long strips of equal width and thickness. Place these on a plate in the oven until a golden brown, when they are ready for the table. They will be found crisp and delicious. When crackers are used for soup, or indeed for any table purpose, they are greatly improved by being placed in the oven for a few moments; not long enough to brown, but until heated through. This makes them as crisp as when freshly baked.

Hints on Health

In Place of Sleep.—A noted teacher of physical culture makes this startling statement: He says that a tepid bath at about 99 degrees Fahrenheit, taken just before retiring, in a tub where the whole body except the face is immersed, is an excellent substitute for sleep. To be exact, he says it is the only substitute known to science for nature's sweet restorer. 'I have known cases of prolonged and chronic insomnia to be cured by this form of bath. Sleep, with the exception of the heart beats, is intended for perfect rest. The bath above named will come near enough producing this result to answer many months for sleep in cases of insomnia.'

Lemon Juice For Nose Bleed

To use, dilute with one-half water, and inject or snuff up into the nose. If this does not check the flow of blood in a few minutes, use a second and stronger portion. If a third treatment is necessary, use the clear juice.

A physician of our village, unable to check the bleeding from his own nose, after ten hours sent for a brother doctor, who was equally unsuccessful. In making a chance call at the house, I learned the condition of things, the doctor saying: 'I tell you this begins to look serious.' His white face and lips, with cold hands, added emphasis to his words. I asked. 'Have you tried lemon juice?' He had never heard of its use. After treatment his verdict was: 'It works like magic.' But he had lost so much blood during the fourteen hours, it was several weeks before he regained his strength.

In speaking of lemon juice afterward, he said that in case he could not get a lemon he should not hesitate to try cider vinegar; and if impossible to get either quickly, he would be willing to try the effect of tartaric acid, if the patient's life was at stake. I would try lemon juice in case of a severe cut on persons or beasts, where the flow of blood was hard to check, as it could be applied quicker than pulverized alum and flour, and would leave a cleaner wound.—Mell Minturn, in the 'Presbyterian.'

His First Day at School

She lost her little boy to-day;
  Her eyes were moist and sweet
And tender, when he went away
  To hurry down the street.
She stood there for the longest while
  And watched and watched him; then
She said—and tried to force a smile—
  'He'll not come back again.'

Inside the house, her tears would come.
  She sank into a chair
And sobbed above the battered drum
  And trumpet lying there.
The sunshine stole into the place—
  It only made her sad
With thinking of the pretty grace
  His baby tresses had.

She minded all his little ways;
  She went to see his crib
Up in the attic; then to gaze
  At platter, spoon and bib,
And all the trinkets he had thought
  So fair to look upon—
Each one of them this murmur brought:
  'My little boy has gone.'

She wandered through the house all day,
  To come on things he'd left,
And O, she missed his romping play
  And felt herself bereft!
When he came home, with shining eyes,
  To tell of school's delight,
She kissed and held him motherwise
  With something of affright.

This is the pain in mothers' hearts
  When school days have begun;
Each knows the little boy departs
  And baby days are done;
Each mother fain would close her ears
  And hush the calling bell
For, somehow, in its tone she hears
  The sounding of a knell.
—W. D. Nesbit, in 'Chicago Tribune.'

How to Get Rid of Rats

Take a large earthen jar and set in the ground near a building frequented by rats. The top should be not more than an inch or two above the surface of the ground. Fill this to within about five inches of the top with bran. Place boards over it, but leave a crack wide enough for a rat to easily enter. Let this set for several days and nights, until the rats have got into the habit of visiting it. Then take out the bran and fill with water to within six inches of the top and on this sprinkled a covering of bran about two inches thick. Cover as at first, and every rat that has been in the habit of visiting the jar will unhesitatingly jump in, and once in there is no escape for him. He sinks and the floating bran hides him from sight of the next victim. By once more filling the jar with bran and leave it for several days before filling it again with water, suspicion will be diverted. If there is no convenient place for setting the jar in the ground where it will not be disturbed, good results may be secured by placing a board in such a position that the rats can easily climb into the jar.

Cream as Food

'"The very cream" of anything is an expression signifying the best there is,' a writer in 'Health,' an English journal, says, 'yet few seem to appreciate the value of cream as an article of human diet, most people preferring to use milk fat in the form of butter. While good and properly made butter may fairly be conceded to be the best and most wholesome solid fat in use, it is quite inferior to cream in respect to both economy and health.

Many people who cannot take cod-liver oil can take good fresh cream, enjoy it, and thrive on it. In many run-down and weak cases, where there is emaciation, cream is often very beneficial.

The superiority of cream over butter, or any other solid fat, consists, first, in its being not exactly in a liquid form, but in a condition allowing of great mobility between its particles, permitting the gastric juice to mix with it in the most perfect manner, and with whatever else the stomach contains, thereby facilitating digestion. Its behaviour is quite different in this respect from that of butter and other pure fat. As soon as they become melted they grease over the other contents of the stomach, obstructing in a measure the contact of gastric juice, and hindering rather than hastening, the progress of their digestion.

Cream is also superior to butter and other fats from its being intimately incorporated with albuminous or flesh-forming matter in a condition favorable for easy and perfect digestion, so that while it serves the purpose of all unctuous matter in developing animal heat and force, it rebuilds tissue, a very important consideration in the case of invalids.

It is a fact in the functions of the human stomach that neither fat alone nor albuminoids alone are digested by it as well as when the two are mingled together in certain proportions. It does not seem to cope with any kind of grease alone, and pure albuminoids it does not digest as well as that of animals in better condition, in whose muscles fat is mingled.

The palate instinctively recognizes the difference between fat and no fat in the flesh of animals when used for food, always preferring that marbled with fat. A more perfect combination of fat and flesh-forming food could hardly be imagined than exists in cream, each fat globule of which it is composed being enclosed with an envelope of albuminous matter, and besides this, being suspended in a serum of a similar character, making the incorporation of fat and nutriment matter as intimate as it is possible to make it.—'Health culture.'

The Household

A glass of very hot water sipped slowly will warm the body quickly, as well as the feet and hands.

If rubbed with fresh lemon or orange peel, knives and forks will be thoroughly freed from the taste of fish.

Although the odor of lavendar is agreeable to most people, the flies do not like it, it is probably too clean a smell for their taste. If a room is sprinkled with oil of lavendar, mixed with an equal amount of water, they will vacate it.

Some women have not yet found out that the best way to wash windows is by using a piece of chamois, warm water, a little ammonia; the window washed with the dripping skin and then wiped with the same chamois wrung dry, and the work is done far quicker and better than it could be with cloths.

Don't Worry

(Henry Edward Warner, in the Denver 'Times.')

There are times when the clouds roll thick and fast
  And the sky is black with distress;
But worry o'er trouble that's present or past
  Never made the trouble the less.
There are times when everything's looking blue,
  And everything's all in a flurry,
And nothing was ever made brighter for you,
  When you punished yourself by worry.

We'll assume that the outlook's ripe with despair,
  And there's never a cheerful ray
Of light to dispel the clouds everywhere,
  That deepen the sombre way;
But, assuming all this, there's naught to gain
  By useless weeping and wailing;
You'll bring neither sunshine nor cooling rain
  By storming, fretting and railing.

There's a better way when your trials roll thick—

When the world seems full of trouble—
Than letting the dart cut into the quick
And making your trouble double;
For trouble despises a smiling face
And feeds on flurry and scurry—
Just bury your griefs for a little space
And look straight ahead—don't worry.

Let The Boy's Help

'Let us get here at quarter past seven and have a sail together,' cried Fred Baker. 'We all have supper at six, and that will give us lots of time to get here.'

'I can't come until half-past seven,' said Will Adams. 'I have to wash the supper dishes.'

There was a chorus of derision. Wash the dishes—a boy wash dishes! Who ever heard of such a thing?

'I have, said Will, quietly. 'I know of three boys in the Hamilton Hotel who wash dishes three times a day.'

'Oh—but they are paid for it.'

'Well, do you mean to say that you would do for pay what you wouldn't do to help your sick mother?'

This was silencing, if not convincing, as the boys were 'good' boys, as boys go. Yet one and all felt that Will Adams had belittled himself in some way by doing what they all called 'girls' work.'

Is it not strange that these ideals should prevail, not only among boys, but among the boys' mothers as well?

Many a smart boy wants to help his mother, but does not know how, beyond bringing in wood and water or going an errand. There is nothing that will injure him in his learning how to wash dishes, make beds, sweep, set the table or cook a plain meal of victuals. Indeed, all these things are accomplishments which may prove valuable in after life.

In this topsy-turvy world a young man may save himself from beggary at some stage of his career by learning how to cook.

To claim that these are girls' work is nonsense. There are men who make a living by sewing, cooking, washing and ironing. Not a boy's work! It is a positive harm to the moral character of a boy to allow him to be idle while his overworked mother is staggering under her household burdens.—'Columbus Dispatch.'

Cream of Spinach Soup.—Wash and pick over two quarts of spinach. Add one and one-half pints of boiling water and cook for twenty minutes. Then drain, chop fine, and rub through a sieve. Heat one quart of white stock and pour over the spinach. Bring to boiling point, season with salt and pepper, and thicken with four level tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter rubbed to a smooth paste. Add one cup of green cooked peas and two tablespoonfuls mushroom catsup or lemon juice, and when serving garnish with a cup of cream, whipped.

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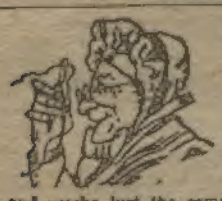

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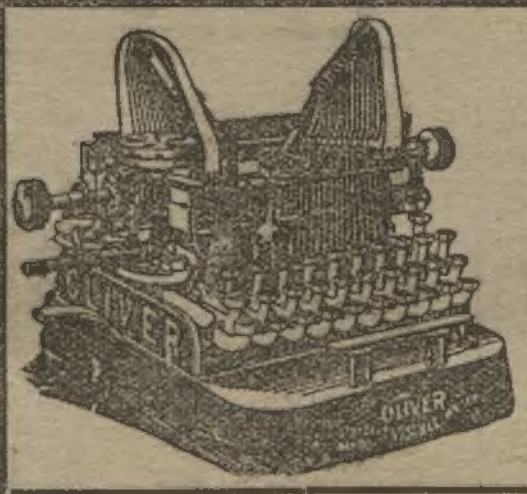

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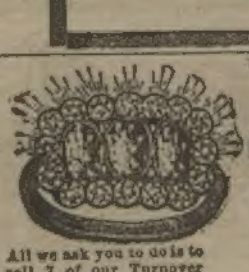

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